THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. | THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS. | $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOLUME III. | HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1887. | NUMBER 3.

TIME TABLE
Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway,

(Standard time 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)

No. 1 leaves Mt. Stealing at 7 A. M., arrives at Rothwell at 8.40 A. M.
No. 2 leaves Rothwell at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10.50 A. M.
No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1.40 P. M., arrives at Rothwell at 3.20 P. M.
No. 4 leaves Rothwell at 3.45 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5.30 P. M.
No. 2 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. and 1.57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway for Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.
No 3 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1.36 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.

Montgomery county court day special leaves Rothwell on the 3rd Monday in each month at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. Returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 3 P. M., arriving at Rothwell at 4.30 P. M. Leaves Rothwell for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.

GEO. B. HARPER, Supt.

JOHN H. EVANS,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Examiner of Depositions for Wolfe county,
Respectfully solicitis the patronage of the public, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Menifee and Breathitt counties. Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

JO. C. LYKINS,
County Attorney, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public
Practices in all Courts in Wolfe and Adjoining Counties, and Court of Appeals. Collections a Specialty.
CAMPTON, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

W. T. SWANGO,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,
Deputy County Court Clerk of Wolfe,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and dispatch.

GEO. E. WHITT,
Of Elliott County,
WITH
Henry Knoefel & Co.,
210 W. Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Solicits the patronage of Eastern Kentucky for Blank Books, Blanks, &c.

J. B. TAULBEE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Office over W. T. Caskey's store. Office hours—8 to 11 A. M., and 1 to 4 P. M.
All calls attended to day or night.

COMBS HOUSE,
CAMPTON, KY.
S. S. COMBS. PROPRIETOR.
The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention for the comfort of guests.

PIERATT HOUSE.
"The New Phœnix."
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
J. H. Pieratt, Proprietor.
I am now running "the little hotel around the corner" on Broadway, and respectfully invite my former patrons and traveling people generally to "call und ead und shleeb by my blace."
J. H. PIERATT.

PALACE HOTEL,
FRENCHBURG, KY.
J. H. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully invited. Table the best, and every attention to the comfort of guests.

S. R. TOWNSEND,
WITH
Wm. H. Fullerton,
JOBBER OF
Hats, Caps, Straw Goods,
Gloves and Umbrellas,
CHILLICOTHE, O.

NOTICE!

The Building Committee of Wolfe county will receive sealed bids up to 12 o'clock M.

On the Frst Monday in April, 1887,

for the building of a Court House for said county. For terms, plans and specifications, call on or address the Committee at Campton.

This March 7, 1887.

G. B. SWANGO,
JOSEPH C. LYKINS, } Committee.
S. S. COMBS,
n14t

JOE R. TURNER,
Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky.,
REPRESENTING
Green, Huffaker & Co.,
Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
615 W. Main St.. LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Will be at Mt. Sterling every County Court.

J. P. ROGERS,
WITH
SHIPLEY, DOISY & CO.,
DRY GOODS,
Cor. 4th and Elm Streets,
CINCINNATI, : : OHIO

Commercial College of Ky. University, Lexington, Ky.
The Cheapest and Best Business College in the World.
Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges, at the World's Exposition, for System of Book-Keeping and General Business Education. 8000 Graduates in Business. 10 Teachers employed. Cost of Full Business Course, including Tuition, Stationery and Board, about $90. Short-Hand, Type-Writing and Telegraphy, specialties. No Vacation. Enter Now. Graduates Guaranteed Success. For circulars address W. R. SMITH, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

THE HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State, and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Advertising Rates.

Transient advertisements, 75 cents an inch first insertion; 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 1 year...$ 5.00	4 inches, 1 year, $15.00
2 inches, 1 year, 9.00	5 inches, 1 year, 17.50
3 inches, 1 year, 12.00	6 inches, 1 year, 20.00

Special rates on larger advertisements; local notices 5c. a line, with 5 per cent. off for long time.

Marriage and death notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, $10; County offices, $5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

LOCAL NEWS.

X A cross-mark made with pen or pencil before or after your name written on the margin, informs you that your time has expired. You are invited to renew, and if you want the paper, please hand or send us $1 at once.

Aunt Caroline Swango has returned from Ezel, where she spent the winter.

J. Taylor Day left Sunday for Cincinnati, where he will purchase his spring stock of goods.

Hon. D. S. Godsey was up from Montgomery a few days last week, and attended the sales here on Wednesday.

Aunt Louisa Cox, of this place, is still in very feeble health, and the loved ones about her have no hope of her recovery.

Regular services were held in the Christian Church at this place on Sunday last, the pastor, Rev. A. F. Erb, officiating morning and evening.

Geo. W. Oldfields, formerly of Grassy, but recently removed to Sideview, in Montgomery county, came up the first part of the week after some cattle he had left behind.

Butter is scarcer in this market than for two years, and those of our farmer friends having any of that article to spare, can find ready sale for it. We'd like to have a toothful of the concentrated cream.

John Patrick, a prominent merchant of Hager, Magoffin county, was in town a few days last week, the guest of the Day House. He sold a mule on sale day for $130, and while here purchased a stock of goods.

Born—On Monday morning, March 21st, to the wife of John Campbell, of Hazel Green, a son. He weighs twelve pounds, and John has given him a three-decker name—Spencer Cooper Campbell. He sure shall have the breeches.

Old papers, suitable for covering walls, putting under carpets, for cutting patterns, &c., for sale at this ofice, at the following prices:

100	40 Cents.
50	25 "
25	13 "

Our neighbor of THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD is writing some good articles on the resources of this section, and adding thereby to Eastern Kentucky's boom.—West Liberty Gem.

Thanks, Bro. Hazelrigg, and now that you have commenced your canvass for the Lieutenant-Governorship, suppose you tell the people in your speeches of the good work THE HERALD is doing. It might help your boom, you know.

Aunt Lottie Little of Lacy Creek, who is seventy-eight years old, came to town horseback, as is her custom, last Thursday, to post some letters and inquire for mail. She is the mother of twenty-two children, and remarkably vigorous for one of her age. She complains that her sons in the West do not write to her, but she seemed anxious for them to know she is well, hence this notice.

We heard a good joke a few days ago on J. G. Trimble, the Mt. Sterling banker. While in business at Hazel Green, where he was engaged in merchandising for many years, he came across an advertisement in which the advertiser offered to send a perfect picture of Gen. George Washington for twenty-five cents. Mr. Trimble being an admirer of "the father of his country," and confident that he had struck a bargain, forthwith forwarded the amount. In due time the picture came, and proved to be—a three-cent postage stamp, bearing upon it the perfect picture.

A postal card from Rev. W. L. Stamper, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church South at this place, but now located at Vanceburg, in this State, informs us that he will soon begin the publication of the Maysville District Herald. The object of the publication will be to promote every interest of the M. E. Church South in this District and in the Kentucky Annual Conference. The paper will be issued monthly at 50 cents for six months, and all who desire to subscribe can pay their subscriptions to us and we will forward them to Bro. Stamper. He will doubtless make it an interesting paper, and his friends should give him a liberal support.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING.

Wolfe County Instructs for Hon. R. M. Pieratt for State Senate.

Pursuant to a call from the proper authorities, the Democracy of Wolfe county met at Campton in mass meeting on Saturday, March 19th, 1887, and at 1 o'clock P. M. were called to order by J. C. Lykins, Chairman Democratic County Committee. The object of the meeting being explained, the purport being for the purpose of selecting delegates to represent the county in the Senatorial Convention to be held on April 1st, 1887, to nominate a candidate for the Senate from this the 34th Senatorial District, and to instruct said delegats, for whom and in what manner to cast the vote of this county in said convention.

Nominations for permanent Chairman being in order, Judge G. B. Swango nominated J. C. Lykins, and J. B. Taulbee nominated Geo. Oliver. W. O. Mize was designated to put the vote, and as temporary chairman recognized a motion for a divison of the house, and appointed C. C. Hanks and J. B. Taulbee tellers, who reported J. C. Lykins as receiving the election for permanent chairman.

Nominations for secretary being in order, W. O. Mize and S. S. Combs were elected secretaries.

The convention being organized, the chairman announced nominations in order, whereupon Judge G. B. Swango placed the name of Hon. R. M. Pieratt, of Morgan county, before the convention as the choice of Wolfe county for Senator, and Dr. J. B. Taulbee nominated S. H. Combs, of Breathitt county. No further nominations being made, the vote was taken, which resulted as follows: R. M. Pieratt, 175; S. H. Combs, 95; whereupon the following were adopted:

WHEREAS, We, the Democrats of Wolfe county, having implicit confidence in the honesty and integrity of R. M. Pieratt in his Legislative skill and ability to make an able counselor in the Legislature of Kentucky,

Be it resolved, 1. That Stephen Swango Sr., G. B. Swango, W. O. Mize, J. M. Rose, C. C. Hanks, S. S. Combs, C. M. Hanks Sr., Jeff. Bush, J. B. Hollon Jr., J. R. Elkins, Samuel Swango, J. D. Chambers, F. P. Wilson, George Oliver, and J. C. Lykins be, and they are hereby appointed delegates to represent Wolfe county in the General Convention to meet at Campton on the 1st day of April, 1887, to nominate a Democratic candidate to be voted for at August election, 1887, to represent the 34th Senatorial District of Kentucky.

Resolved, 2. That said delegates are instructed to cast the vote of Wolfe county in said convention for the Hon. R. M. Pieratt so long as he is before said convention, and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination and election.

Resolved, 3. That the delegates of Wolfe cast the vote of said county as a unit on all questions arising before said convention according to the choice of a majority of the delegates present.

Resolved, 4. That the proceeding of this meeting be published in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Resolved, 5. That this convention adjourn.

J. C. LYKINS, Chairman.
W. O. MIZE, S. S. COMBS, Sec'ys.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of Mrs. Eliza J. Cooper, Who Died Feb. 26, 1887, aged 60 years.

"A Friend," in the Lexington Press, of the 13th inst., pays the following beautiful tribute to the memory of our dear departed mother: "She was a kind mother, a faithful friend, and a devoted Christian. She leaves a large family of relatives and many friends. But none will miss her more than the writer of this, to whom she always poured out her troubles and sorrows of this life, as did I likewise to her, and ever found her sympathising, kind and true. My almost daily association with her convinced me of the true Christian spirit which she possessed—kind to all. Her death has caused a vacancy in my heart that can not be filled, and ever will the memory of dear aunt 'Liza be fondly cherished, and may her spirit be a guide for us to that better land where trouble is no more. Yet her memory is so fresh, so clear, so pleasant with us, that we dream not her summer day with us is set. We list for her voice day by day, and vainly for one who cannot hear; we wail only to again despair; yet relatives and friends, let us weep no more for her whose spirit has been conveyed by a bright convoy of angels to the home where we all hope to dwell—that home high up in heaven."

In view of the fact that railroad surveyors will soon be through this section locating routes for the several roads to come this way, our farmers should utilize their spare time in ascertaining the extent and quality of the coal to be found on their lands. Upon the location of these roads, land buyers will come here seeking investments, and the more coal the farmer can show the more valuble will his land be. There are many days that the farmer can spend in prospecting without loss of time from his crops, and he could not certainly use it to better advantage than by bringing to sight the hidden treasure upon his land. Coal, iron ore, building stone, &c., can be found, and we will publish all the new discoveries that may be made with pleasure.

Hindoo Kidney Cordial, manufactured by Patton Bros., Catlettsburg, Ky., is the best kidney remedy ever introduced. Having tried several of them without relief, we tried Hindoo and found it the best. It is sold by all Hazel Green stores.

HAZEL GREEN STOCK SALES.

Fifty-two Head Change Hands for the Sum of $1,919.70.

Although last Wednesday was a cold uninviting day, and a few of our farmer friends stayed at home, the stock sales were quite satisfactory. Among the attending buyers from below were Messrs. J. G. Trimble and D. S. Godsey, of Montgomery, and Neri Swetnam, of Bath. The latter purchased several head of hogs which do not appear in the list below, but it will be seen that the sales foot up $1,919.70. The sales, however, were mostly at private contract, there being very little sold at public outcry:

G. B. Swango to J. T. & F. Day, 9 two year old cattle	$135 00
R. Cummins to same, 1 cow	20 00
John Evans to same, 1 cow	30 00
Boone Byrd to J. M. Rose, 1 heifer	22 00
F. McGuire to Jerry Profitt, 1 horse	75 00
Same to same, 1 cow	25 00
J. T. Day to N. B. Day, 1 mule	130 00
J. M. Walter to J. T. & F. Day, 1 heifer	14 00
M. C. Nickell to J. T. & F. Day, 1 heifer	12 00
Jas. F. Ely, Jr., to J. T. & F. Day, 3 two year old steers	41 00
S. W. Landrum to J. T. & F. Day, 1 mare	65 00
Same to same, 1 yoke cattle	60 00
John Patrick to J. T. & F. Day, 1 mule	130 00
Wm. Wallace to Boon Byrd, 1 cow	25 00
A. J. Linden to Wash Swango, 1 yoke oxen	75 00
Jerry Childers to J. M. Rose, 1 heifer	12 10
Same to same, 1 yoke oxen	57 00
G. B. Swango to Joe Williams, 1 mule	60 00
L. B. Peck to S. G. Sample, 1 horse	80 00
W. C. Perkins to H. D. Fallen, 1 horse	62 50
Wm. Tolliver to W. C. Perkins, 1 horse	95 00
S. C. Alexander to J. M. Rose, 1 yoke oxen	60 00
W. T. Swango, to D. S. Godsey, 2 horses	200 00
J. B. Hollon to J. M. Rose, 1 yoke oxen	90 00
S. W. Landrum to J. T. & F. Day, 1 yoke oxen	70 00
Same to same, 1 heifer	10 00
Same to same, 1 cow	18 00
Same to same, 1 steer	15 00
J. M. Rose to E. F. Cecil, 1 mule,	77 50
J. D. Graham to J. M. Rose 4 steers	122 50
A. M. Nickell to J. H. Evans, 1 cow and calf	31 00
Total sales	$1,919 70

TO THE PUBLIC.

A Card From the Proprietor of Swango Springs.

Attention is hereby called to the fact that I am, after a year of rest, at home again, and in possession of the famous Swango Springs, (a survival of the fit test) ready to welcome all health and pleasure seekers who contemplate resorting to a watering place during the coming summer and autumn season.

I have added very greatly to my capacity and accommodations at my residence, and will make all necessary improvements at the springs, which may contribute to the comfort and pleasure of those seeking pleasure, rest and health.

The vitalizing power of the water is sufficiently known, and needs no additional commendation.

The ensuing season promises to be one of interest and prosperity. In fact, it will be the epoch in the history of the springs.

Already a number have indicated their intent on coming, and have secured lodgings for the entire season.

Two boarding houses are situated within a few yards of the springs, and will be managed by myself and son, which are equal to the accommodation of fifty to seventy-five guests.

Those stopping at either of the above houses will have FREE ACCESS to all the accommodations the springs can afford.

Those wishing especial accommodations should write at once, as those engaging first will have first choice of rooms.

I will be prepared to furnish provender for teams and shelter for vehicles. Also, will keep on hand a few vehicles, teams and saddle horses for those desiring the use of same. Rates very low.

All communications and queries will receive prompt attention.

Address the undersigned, always.

Respectfully,
HARRISON SWANGO,
Proprietor.

Hazel Green, March 16.

Delayed Grassy Notes.

J. C. Havens sold three two year old steers to W. B. Goad for $61. Mr. Goad bought several head of cattle at this place, paying good prices.

Doc Stamper, who has been living near the mouth of Grassy, recently moved to his farm near this place. In consequence we gain a good citizen.

We had the pleasure of meeting J. H. DeBusk, who is attending Hazel Green Academy, and he spoke in highest terms of that institution.

S. W. Havens' youngest daughter is very low with fever, but at this writing is thought to be improving.

Wm. Havens, Esq., informs us that he has issued over sixty processes since the last term of his court.

Wm. Havens has a sheep nine months old with wool nine inches long. Who can beat it?

Wm. Greer, a nice young man formerly of this place, is seeking his fortune in the West.

Green Chaney sold a pair of yearling steers to Joe and Hiram Long for $27.50.

Wm. Bryant sold a mule nine months old for $55 cash.

Indigestion results from a partial paralysis of the stomach and is the primary cause of a very large majority of the ills that humanity is heir to. The most agreeable and effective remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25 cents a vial. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton. m94t

BREATHITT DEMOCRATS

Instruct for S. H. Combs for State Senate.

At a mass meeting of the Democracy of Breathitt county at the court house in Jackson, Ky., J. W. Lindon was appointed Chairman and A. C. Baker Secretary.

The following resolutions were adopted, viz:

That the Democracy of Breathitt county convened, recognizing the services of the Hon. S. H. Combs as a true and tried Democrat, and having the utmost confidence in his honesty, integrity and ability, earnestly recommend him to the people of the 34th Senatorial District as a suitable man to represent us in the Senate of Kentucky.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD, Three Forks Enterprise and West Liberty Gem.

J. W. LINDON, Chairman.
A. C. BAKER, Secretary.

W. R. Nunnelly, representing Trimble Bros., Mt. Sterling, gave us a pleasant call on Monday. He is traveling in place of Charley Howe, who started to make the trip but he was taken suddenly ill at Beattyville, and had to return home. It is hoped that Charley's illness may be of short duration, and that we shall soon see his smiling face again.

A Genial Restorative.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are emphatically a genial restorative. The changes which this great botanic remedy produces in the disordered organization are always agreeably, though surely progressive, never abrupt and violent. On this account it is admirably adapted to persons of delicate constitution and weak nerves, to whom the powerful mineral drugs are positively injurious. That it initiates those processes which result in the re-establishment of healthful vigor is conspicuously shown in cases where it is taken to overcome that fruitful cause of debility, indigestion, coupled, as it usually is, with billiousness and constipation. Thorough digestion, regular evacuation and abundant secretion, are results which promptly and invariably attend its systematic use. It is, besides, the best protective against malaria, and a first rate diuretic.

W. E. WORD,
WITH
Adams Bros. & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of
Stoves, Grates, Mantels,
Pieced, Pressed & Japanned Tinware,
HOLLOW-WARE AND TINNERS' STOCK,
736 W. Main Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

MONEY to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Anyone can do the work and live at home. Either sex, all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

As administrator of A. J. Cox, deceased, I will be at the following places on the days designated for the purpose of making settlement with all who are indebted to the estate:

HAZEL GREEN, MARCH 16, 1887,
(Regular Stock Sale Day.)
MAYTOWN, MARCH 17, 1887.

Those having claims against the estate will be allowed three months to file the same, after which they will be barred, and all of said claims must be properly proven and certified according to law.

A. B. LANDRUM, Administrator.

EZEL IS THE PLACE TO BUY
Watches, Clocks & Jewelry
Repairing a Specialty.
Charges reasonable and work warranted.
Respectfully, T. F. CARR.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,
MT. STERLING, KY.
J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
W. W. THOMSON, Cashier.
DIRECTORS,
JAMES CHORN. ANDREW FESLER.
DR. R. R. DRAKE. J. T. HIGHLAND.
mr341y

DO NOT STEAL,
But buy Kelly's STEEL axe. It is the most perfect axe made. Also buy STEEL horse shoes. They will outwear iron. And use STEEL nails. They cost the same as iron.
For sale in Hazel Green by
G. B. SWANGO.
W. T. CASKEY.
F. McGUIRE.
Chiles, Thompson & Co.,
MT. STERLING, KY.,
Agents for Fastern Kentucky.

S. V. McWilliams & Co.,
—NEW—
Livery, Sale and Feed Stable,
MT. STERLING, KY.
Drovers' and Traders' Headquarters.
The attention of horse and mule dealers is especially invited to our facilities for the handling of stock, and we invite all traders of Wolfe and adjoining counties to call on us when in the city.

GIGANTIC
Unloading Sale at S. M. Braun's
Famous New Store.

An invoice just taken has disclosed the fact that I have too many Goods! Too much DRY GOODS! Too many Clothing! Too much Furnishing Goods! Too many Hats and Caps, and an endless varitey of only

Hand-made Boots and Shoes
IN ALL SIZES, QUALITY AND PRICES.

I have decided that my stock must be cut down. With this end in view I have cut the prices on every article in my different departments in that great establishment, and have made telling and startling reductions.

Everything is Included in this Great Unloading Sale.

Winter goods in a great variety, such as Woolen and Cotton Flannels, Skirts and Shawls, Hoods and Nubias, Gloves and Mittens, Cloaks and Short Wraps, Men's and Boys' Suits, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps, Men's and Boys' Dress Shirts.

I give you a Guarantee that you will Save Money on Everything you buy of me.

I mean business, and am determined to reduce my stock at any cost, for the next Thirty Days.

LADIES AND MISSES WOOLEN HOSE,
LADIES AND MISSES CORSETS,
LADIES AND MISSES SHOES,
OLD LADIES SHOES in great variety.
MENS' AND BOY'S HAND-MADE BOOTS, MEN'S AND BOYS' HAND-MADE SHOES, MEN'S AND BOYS' UNDERWEAR, MEN'S AND BOYS' SUSPENDERS.

This is the Grandest Opportunity of the Season.

S. M. BRAUN,
THE FAMOUS
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boot and Shoe HOUSE
MT. STERLING, KY.

I ASK YOUR ATTENTION,
GOOD PEOPLE OF THE UPPER COUNTIES,

When you visit our city look out forthe CASH SIGN on Main street. CASH means every article at rock bottom prices.

I guarrantee this to you, as I keep no books, credit nobody, sell for CASH only. I am dealer in watches, clocks and jewelry, Rogers Bros.' 1849 knives and forks spoons, table and tea, every thing to be found in a first class jewelry store.

I am olso dealer in

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Ladies Fine Shoes, the best that is made, Children's Shoes in all sizes and styles, Gents Fine and Heavy Boots.

Now good people remember that I am the only firm in our city that sells for CASH ONLY, this is the firm you want to find to save you a BIG PER CENT.

No trouble to show goods. Asking you to call when in the city, and hoping to see you soon, I remain, Respectfully yours,

M. W. VOWELS,
Main Street, - - - Mt. Sterling, Ky.

A. GROSSMAN. FRANK GOUVION. JOHN F. SCHLEUTER.

ROSSMAN, GOUVION & CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF
Saddles, Harness, Collars,
BRIDLES, &c.,
74 and 76 Main Street,
CINCINNATI, O.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE

ESTABLISHED 1827. It is now nearly sixty years since this medicine was offered as a remedy for Worms, and from that time its reputation has steadily increased until at the present day it is almost universally acknowledged throughout nearly all parts of the world to be the *sovereign remedy*. Worm Confections, made more for the purpose of pleasing the palate than of overcoming the disease, have been manufactured all over the country; but their short lease of life is nearly exhausted, and B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge continues to grow in favor daily. *Children* often look *pale* and *sickly* from no other cause than *worms*, and *spasms* are most frequently the result of these hidden sappers and miners. When they are irritable and feverish, sometimes craving food and eating ravenously, again refusing wholesome diet, tossing restlessly in sleep, moaning and grinding the teeth, then be assured these symptoms are indications of worms.

Many a helpless child has been laid in the grave, when the disease which caused its death has been entirely misunderstood, and when worms have really been the cause. It has been proved beyond cavil that worms exist in the human system from earliest infancy, therefore parents—especially *mothers* who are more constantly with their children, cannot be too observing of the *first symptoms of worms*, for so surely as they exist, they can be *safely* and *speedily* removed from the *most delicate infant*, by the timely use of B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge.

Physicians do not hesitate to recommend it and use it in their practice, and many of the most eminent of the profession, from all parts of the country, testify to its uniform success. In fact, it **never fails**. It has frequently been given to children as a safe purgative, not suspecting the cause of the illness, and large quantities of worms were discharged and immediate relief afforded. Great caution must be used by every purchaser to be his own judge in one sense, and to examine every bottle he buys of it. The simple name of FAHNESTOCK is not sufficient. He must look closely and carefully to see that the initials are B. A. FAHNESTOCK, and be satisfied with nothing else.

NEW FRANKLIN, HOWARD CO., MO.
Messrs. J. E. Schwartz & Co., *Pittsburg, Pa.*
Gentlemen—I have used some of that most excellent remedy, B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, and found it to have the desired effect. I think your vermifuge can not safely be dispensed with in any family.
Yours, &c., J. W. HUBBARD, M. D.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.
Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock" Vermifuge in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is *safe*, *reliable* and *efficient* in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.
THOS. H. HANDY, M. D.

J. E. SCHWARTZ & CO., SUCCESSORS TO B. A. Fahnestock & Co., **Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors.**

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TO THE COMPOSITOR.

O much-reviled, harshly scolded one,
I—of the pen a humble wielder—can
Witness that you with my essays have been
A very patient, long forbearing man.

For many a word omitted you've supplied,
And many a word superfluous left out,
And many an involved paragraph released,
And many a line parenthesized about.

And oh, what thanks for semicolons, and
Whole colons, too, to you, my friend, belong—
Help which from readers mine the fact has kept
That I in punctuation am not strong.

True, once you cruelly "boiled" my heroine
When she but "toiled," and once I saw
My hero "kicked" instead of "kissed," and once
You made me lay down "jaw" in place of "law."

But I forgive you, and your cause espouse.
Let others frown at you, I am your friend,
And will be even when—I fear too soon—
My literary labors end.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Bazar.*

DIAMOND HISTORY.

Jewels Which Are the Very Essence of Property.

Comparatively a Modern Discovery—No Record of the Diamond Prior to Christ—Curious Fluctuations in Its Value.

Strange to say the diamond is a modern improvement. There is no historical record of the diamond prior to Christ, and Tavernier asserts, probably with truth, that no large diamonds were in the market before the sixteenth century. The first diamonds came from India, especially Ceylon; the second large supply from Brazil, which produced them so fast that the price fell to $4 a carat, and remained for a long time at about $8 a carat. It was probably about that time that the great royal collections of diamonds were made.

The collection belonging to the Sultan of Turkey, which is probably the finest in the world, dates prior to the discovery of America, and undoubtedly came from Asia. One Turkish Pasha alone left the empire at his death seven table-cloths, embroidered with diamonds, and sixty bushels of fine pearls. In the last war with Russia, in 1878, Turkey borrowed $30,000,000 from the Ottoman Bank on the security of crown jewels. The cashier of the bank was admitted to the treasure-chamber, and was told to help himself until he had enough to secure his advances. "I selected enough," said he, "to secure the bank against loss in any event; but the removal of the gems I took made no gap in the accumulation."

The Russians have the largest diamond in the world, the Orloff, which weighs 194¾ carats and forms the apex of the Russian scepter. The French diamond, known as the Regent, which was stolen at the famous robbery of the crown jewels in 1792, and was afterward found in a ditch, is 136 carats, and was valued at $2,500,000 a hundred years ago. Who on earth would give $2,500,000 for a stone? Estimating the value of money at 5 per cent., the owner of such a gem would spend $125,000 a year in loss of interest. The famous blue diamond, the Sancy, which was stolen at the same time, has never been recovered. Perhaps the robber hid it and died before he thought it safe to dig it up. Perhaps he was killed and his secret died with him. At any rate it is gone. Louis Napoleon invested several millions in diamonds; it is partly on the proceeds of these jewels that his widow has been supporting herself ever since his death. The English Koh-i-noor is 102¾ carats, but it has been so badly cut that its value is a matter of uncertainty. The English nobility have always been lovers of the diamond. When the Duke of Buckingham was sent to Paris to fetch the future Queen Henrietta, he wore a suit of clothes valued at $250,000. It was made of satin and uncut velvet, set all over with diamonds, and the diamonds were purposely so loosely sewn that they flew off as the Duke walked, and persons of base degree picked them up and carried them off. Prince Esterhazy is said to have exhibited similar ostentation at a ball at Almack's.

The gem lover will find no such jewels as these in this country. Occasionally, in the east, one reads of a diamond necklace or a diamond parure selling for $40,000. There was at one time a purse-proud parvenu in the United States Senate who wore a $10,000 diamond in his shirt front. Governor Stanford spent $80,000 in diamonds at Tiffany's some years ago, and some of the ladies of San Francisco, whose jewel cases the reporter is not privileged to describe, contain gems representing a sum which would constitute a fortune in an ordinary family. There are diamond necklaces here for sale at $2,500 to $3,500 which would be as effective in a ball-room as a string of gems of five times the size. There is one ring here which contains a big diamond weighing four and a half carats and two fair rubies; it is worth $7,650, and is no doubt cheap at the price. But who would like to go through life with the sobriquet of the Man with the Ring?

It is curious to note the fluctuations in the value of diamonds. About 300 years ago they were quoted at $225 a carat. Fifty years later we find them selling at $105 a carat. A hundred and fifty years later the supply from Brazil had increased so large that one carat stones sold for $40, and shortly afterward at $4. From this point they rallied to $31 per carat at the time of the French revolution; then under the pressure of the supply from exiled French noblesse, they fell again to $20. During the first sixty or seventy years of this century they rose steadily, and twenty years ago they were quoted at about $100 carat. Now, Mr. Henry D. Morse, of Boston, gives the following prices of diamonds at the present time:

Stones averaging one-half carat each, $60 per carat.

Stones averaging three-quarter carat each, $80 per carat.

Stones averaging one carat each, $100 per carat.

Stones averaging one and one-quarter carats each, $110 per carat.

Stones averaging one and one-half carats each, $125 per carat.

Stones averaging one and three-quarter carats each, $145 per carat.

Stones averaging two carats each, $175 per carat.

In other words, the value of the gem increases in the geometrical ratio of its weight. Four diamonds weighing together two carats are worth $120, but one diamond weighing just as much is worth $350. Stones weighing over two carats are about the same price per carat as two carat-stones; they should be worth more, but the market will not bear any higher price. They would be dearer; but they are not, simply because the demand for them is limited. If the demand for diamonds were as imperative as the demand for flour or beef the geometrical ratio would again come into play, and five-carat stones would be valued in the thousands.

It is not likely that the diamond of moderate size will ever be much lower in value than it is now. In the words of a popular writer: "The diamond is the very essence of property. It is riches condensed; too small to be seen by the midnight burglar; too easily hid to be seized by the tyrant; too quickly carried away to be wrested from the exile or the outlaw. A diamond is a portable empire." It is no wonder the persecuted ex-monarchs of Hindostan put their money in diamonds against British rapacity.

Our San Francisco jewelers buy their diamonds in London and Paris. None of them have yet established connections with Brazil or Golconda or Cape Town. There is a firm in New York which cuts diamonds, and which performed a good job on that remarkable stone which was discovered a few years ago on the bank of the James river, opposite Richmond, Va. But Amsterdam holds an easy pre-eminence in diamond cutting, and its work goes to London or Paris for sale, where our dealers find it. Diamonds, like editors, can only be cut by themselves. Diamond dust is the only material that will impinge the surface of the raw diamond.

The tendency of modern taste is toward simplicity in shape and artistic decoration in design. The belle of the modern ballroom is amazed to see the massive handcuffs which her mother wore in the guise of bracelets, with little spikes hanging from them, on which the ardent lover impaled his fingers when he tried to clasp Angelina's hand. The modern bracelet is a plain, narrow hoop of gold, with a rich stone set in it. When Buchanan was President and the gentlemen of the South declared that they were going to die in the last ditch girls wore earrings which were ponderous masses of gold, with a few precious stones set in them in odd corners, and which distended the holes in their pretty ears, so that bad brothers could stick a lead-pencil in them. The modern earring is a simple jewel—pearl or diamond. It has a setting to hold it in place, but the jeweler exhausts his art to conceal the setting, so that it shall not be detected, and that the gem, of purest ray serene, shall seem to hang on beauty's ear by the attraction of affinity and rings! Does any one remember the monstrous cables which old Mrs. Crœsus used to wear in the days of our mothers, in which gold and rubies and diamonds and pearls were massed together so that when you shook hands with her you fancied you had got hold of a curtain-ring which had been battered out of shape? In the modern ring the gold modestly effaces itself, leaving the gem to shine in solitary radiance. And think of the chains our grandmammas used to fasten to their watches—none of your footy little things that the Philistine couldn't see as he passed, but solid, massive chains by which a dog could have been secured in his kennel or a small boat moored to its landing-place. Watch-chains nowadays are modest, unobtrusive objects, which hold the watch in place, but which shrink from public view and timidly shun the admiration their exquisite embroidery might sometimes command.—*San Francisco Call.*

ONE HONEST MAN.

A Story Which Needs Corroboration Before Being Accepted as True.

Among those in the east room was Dr. Weiting, of Syracuse, N. Y. Dr. Wieting owns the opera-house wherein Cleveland was nominated for Governor. The President shook the little doctor's hand quite cordially. There is a good story told of Dr. Weiting. Some years ago he was lecturing in New York, and after the lecture he was approached by a young man who was an entire stranger to him. The doctor was therefore greatly surprised to hear him make an extraordinary request. He said he had been in the audience and heard the lecture, and was captivated by the doctor's eloquence, and he made bold to speak to him. The young man said he desired to go to California and wanted money.

"Give me one thousand dollars" said he to Dr. Weiting, "and I'll send you one-half of every dollar I make in California."

The doctor was so surprised at the request that he did not say anything for some time, and finally asked the young man who he was. The doctor learned his name, and then asked him why he did not go to his relatives for money. The young man replied that he had no relatives.

After a few days' thinking over the matter the doctor concluded to give the money to the young man, and he did so.

A year or so afterward Dr. Weiting received $5,000 from California. It was marked: "One-half of the money I have made." Dr. Weiting then wrote to the young man that he considered that he had complied with his promise, and released him; but the young man replied that he did not consider himself released, and would carry out his bargain. Money continued to come from California, until Dr. Weiting had received $40,000. Then it stopped, and he could not find the young man, and the doctor came to the conclusion that he was dead. The doctor took the $40,000 and invested it in a block of buildings. He had really made the purchase before the entire block burned down, and he lost all the money made for him by the honest young man in California.—*Washington Letter.*

—If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.—*Franklin.*

OLD-TIME PEDDLERS.

An Unscrupulous Game by Which Some of Them Increased Their Profits.

Some years since, while at Rutland, Vt., I stopped at one of the hotels in that neat, little, white, marble-ornamented town. One evening, while sitting upon the veranda, trying to put as much time behind me as possible, and finding it a very difficult task to accomplish, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to strike up a conversation with the host, who was sitting close by me, balancing himself in his chair, with his feet in the air, and on about a level with his head.

While conversing leisurely, our conversation drifted towards "peddlers." "Now let me show you something," said the hotel man, and we walked into the office. He brought out a lot of old registers, and turning page after page of one which he selected, he pointed out to me the name of James Fisk, Jr., written in a bold hand, and then he began to relate incidents in the life of both Jim Fisk and his father, who, with wagon stocked with goods, were wont to travel through that section of the country, and always put up at this hotel.

The registers, as far back as 1850, were all there, and my curiosity tempted me to look through them, and I there found the names of many of our at present wealthy coreligionists enrolled therein, who at that time were peddling, not with wagon, but with pack upon their back. I singled out a number of the names of parties of whom I knew, and he remembered them all distinctly, and many anecdotes were related by him in connection with some of them.

The Yankee peddlers, however, he said, were the shrewdest of all; and he told about the Yankee clock and jewelry peddler, who sold a farmer a clock. The peddler sold clocks all along his route, and it would take him about four to six months to go over it. The clocks weren't very accurate, and nearly all persisted in stopping, or going in the most eclectic fashion. He would get around to the first party he sold a clock. "The clock is no good," was the complaint. "Well, here's another, try this;" and he would give him another clock and sell him some other goods. At the next house the same complaint was made, and he would leave the clock he took back from the last party, and the next party that complained received the clock in exchange that he last took back, and so on over the route.

The landlord, who was brimful of all kinds of reminiscences, stories and tricks of peddlers, told me of one of the tricks practiced by shrewd, but dishonest, peddlers, upon some of their illiterate customers, who were mostly farm folks, and who generally bought all their wares on credit, settling for the same at certain seasons of the year. Some of these farmers persisted in asking the "peddler man," as he was not infrequently called, after he made out his bill, to throw off five or six dollars; honest peddlers would refuse to do this, but their less scrupulous competitors would readily do so, and in this way (they never carried bills with a printed heading):

	October 12, 18 55
Due on old account	$27 50
1 Coat	7 50
12 yds. Muslin at 12c	1 44
1 Skirt	2 00
6 pr. Socks at 25c	1 50
6 pr. Stockings at 20c	1 20
3 Shirts at 90c	2 70
	$62 39
Off	6 00
	$56 39

Thus, by taking off six dollars, the peddler would still be "in" twelve dollars and fifty-five cents. If by accident the farmer discovered the cheat, the peddler would simply say he made a mistake in counting in the year with the rest of the items, and the unsuspecting farmer would be satisfied.—*American Hebrew.*

MEXICAN GIRLS.

How the Budding Senoritas of Our Sister Republic Are Educated.

The scholastic course of a Mexican girl of aristocratic family is finished before she is fifteen, at which age she is considered "marriageable." The wife of General Santa Anna was wedded to that wily ruler whom Americans remember as "the Butcher of the Alamo," when only thirteen—and numerous brides in these later days are scarcely older. It must be remembered, however, that girls mature early in the tropics—and in corresponding ratio grow old much sooner than in the colder North. Though Mexico abounds in superfluous females, one never, or hardly ever, hears of "an old maid," for to remain forever unmarried entails no such stigma here as attaches to unmated women of other lands. If her lonely condition is alluded to by these polite people, they speak of her with some kindly phrase indicating that "*la pobrecita*" (the poor, dear thing) has been "hard to please."

The custom of engaging accomplished foreign governesses or native tutors to instruct young girls at home is gaining ground among wealthy families in Mexico, because to send a budding senorita, even for ten years of age, to a day-school—even in the family carriage, accompanied by a maid who never loses sight of her till she is safely returned to the parental *casa*—is looked upon as an alarming stretch of the proprieties. In the days of conventual institutions, the daughters of well-to-do parents were usually placed in charge of the gentle sisterhood, generally entering the convent schools at an early age and remaining until old enough to marry. Since the banishment of nuns and monks from Mexico, a great many private schools and seminaries have been started, wherein girls are duly "finished"—according to Mexican ideas. The acme of their accomplishments is to become good linguists and excellent musicians and to acquire a smattering of history and general literature, with the corresponding class in France and Spain. But they are never cultured to the Bostonian point in the classics or occult sciences, their simple requirements being such as shine to best advantage in the home circles.

Mexican ladies of high degree are never educated with a view to utilizing their accomplishments for gaining a livelihood in any possible reverse of fortune, for under no circumstances are they expected to assist in their own support. The old Spanish custom which obliges gentlemen to provide for all their destitute female relatives and to shield them absolutely from contact with the world, still prevails among the upper classes, notwithstanding the fact that nearly a century of foreign wars and internal revolutions have made it a difficult task in many instances and forever debarred from matrimony the scions of proud but impoverished houses.

As a rule, *pater familias* does not encourage much reading of books—except of a religious character—among the women of his flock, and certainly not the general run of newspapers such as are found in every Northern family. He believes not only that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and might lead to that pernicious "strong-mindedness" which he imagines afflicts most ladies in the United States—but that literally "ignorance is bliss" in their appointed sphere. If not married at once when escaped from school restraints, sometimes the mother or some elderly female relative undertakes to instruct the daughter in those domestic duties which matrimony entails, because—whether rich or poor—on the day of her marriage she will go to a home of her own, which the expectant bridegroom must previously prepare. To that end she is taught to prepare delicacies for the sick and refreshing medicinal drinks, to make *dulces*, jellies and dainty desserts; and occasionally, by way of practice, is given for a season the entire management of her father's household. I have heard of cases where she has even ordered all the provisions, paid the servants, provided rations for the carriage horses and looked over the coachman's bills for shoeing, etc.—in short, kept a thorough account of all domestic expenditures, but these instances are extremely rare.

Domestic life among the upper classes in Mexico is charmingly simple, and really worthy of imitation as contrasted with the lives of some of our "society ladies" who spend their summers at watering places and winters in Europe, their neglected homes and ceaseless round of expensive gayety. A "professional beauty" would not be tolerated here in good society, and a married belle would speedily find herself ostracized as an improper character.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Milwaukee Sentinel.*

STATIONARY COMETS.

The Peculiar Reflections Observable Miles Above Burning Gas Wells.

Often in the winter there may be seen in the gas region, far up in the sky at night, one or more faint white streaks, six or eight feet long. They look like comets, and the one first seen was quite generally mistaken for a comet. Each one of these is caused by a burning gas-well. The light of the well shines upon the small ice-crystals which quite often are floating in the air, far above us, and is by them reflected, or thrown down again, so that we see it, though the gas-well may be many miles from us. Every well furnishes but one "comet"—as we may call it, for want of a better name—which always appears in the same place. When the lower air also is filled with ice-crystals, we see not the comets, but great, fiery streaks, the complete reflections, that reach from the points where the comets were, down across the sky to the horizon at the points where we see the glare of the distant gas-wells.

They stand out against the dark background like great, fiery rods, a central bright streak or spine running through them, which shades off into a beautiful glowing red on each side. They are regular in shape, apparently about twenty inches wide, the sides straight, the top slightly rounded, and the bottom fading away, as it reaches the flame, in the glare of the well.

No description or pictures of these comets and fiery columns can give a true idea of their strange beauty, which does not become common-place by reason of a regular, every-day—or, rather, every-night—appearance, as these phenomena are visible only under certain favorable conditions. Those still, chilly nights, when the sky has a hazy appearance, when a few scattering flakes of crisp, dry snow may be fluttering down, are the nights upon which the finest displays are seen; and several nights may intervene between these curious and beautiful exhibitions. Sometimes the comets will appear directly overhead, and the fiery columns often reach to a great height, depending, of course, on the distance of the observer from the source of illumination. Recently the top of one of these reflections was estimated to be six and a half miles above the burning well.—*Samuel W. Hall, in St. Nicholas.*

Long and Short Days.

At London, Eng., and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half. At Wardhuys, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months. At New York the longest day, June 19, has fourteen hours and fifty-six minutes; at Montreal, fifteen and a half hours.—*School Supplement.*

Favoring the New Version.

"Billinghast has failed again."

"You don't say so! For how much?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

"That's the third time, isn't it? He gets richer every time."

"Yes. He believes in the old proverb: 'If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland is making a special effort to secure for its ministers a minimum salary of one thousand dollars.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Paul Tilton, son of Theodore Tilton, is making a reputation as an artist in Rome.

—Hugh O. Northcote, son of the late Lord Iddesleigh, is a banker in New York, and a son-in-law of Hamilton Fish.

—It is said that the papers and MSS. of his father which Colonel Fred Grant is editing will make two or three volumes of the size of the General's "Memoirs."

—Dwight L. Moody, speaking before two thousand people in Chicago, suddenly broke off with: "Will the usher please let in a little air? One man has got to sleep; I never can talk while a man is asleep."

—If you do not read the daily *Times* it will cost you three times the time and wasted time to take the time to study the news in papers that take three times the time to give the spirit of the times.

—O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best papers in the City of Tokio. This is the first woman in the kingdom who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.

—Edward Gould, youngest son of Jay Gould, has been taught practical short-hand, writing, type-writing, etc., until he is now one of the most proficient stenographers and type-writers in the United States.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Miss Alice J. Shaw is a whistling soloist who recently gave a performance in Steinway Hall, New York. Miss Ella Chamberlain is also a distinguished whistler, and both are public school teachers and belong to the Teachers' Association of New York City.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, who has retired from business and lives comfortably on his accumulated fortune in New York, began life on a salary of one dollar a week. He spent seventy-five cents of his first week's earnings for a box of water-colors, and now in later years exercises the same early taste for pictures as an accomplished amateur photographer.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A literary man says: "I have surely discovered the author of 'The Breadwinners.' It is John Hay, as his name is written in the book. Well, a man of that name appears in the early chapters of the life of Lincoln which Hay and Nicolay are publishing in the *Century*. I mentioned the coincidence to one of the assistant editors of the magazine and he admitted, on being pressed hard, that John Hay wrote the much-talked-about novel."—*Chicago Herald.*

HUMOROUS.

—"Yes," observed Mrs. Grap, "we kinder got tired of gas, and now we're goin' to have the house lit with clandestine electric light."

—Lord Tennyson persists in his determination to write a poem to the Battenberg baby. It will probably be a boo-colic production.

—Wife—"You talked in your sleep last night, John, and you mentioned mother's name." Husband—"That so? It must have been that mince-pie I ate before going to bed."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Footprints in Chicago.—

Great men by their lives leave footprints
In the sands of time, we know;
But their marks are slight compared to
Foot prints in Chicago snow.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

—This country consumed eighty-one and one-quarter tons of quinine during the last year. And yet even that large dose was not able to keep the country from shaking.—*Boston Post.*

—She—"And do you love me, George?" He (a medical student)—"Yes, from my sixth left rib." "Sir!" He—"I mean, my dear, from the bottom of my heart."—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Is this a trunk line?" asked the Summer girl at the railway station. "No," replied the ticket agent; "it is a branch." "Oh, I'm so sorry, for I wanted to take four trunks along with me!"—*N. Y. Witness.*

—A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new "palatial residence," said that the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother; "but won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"—*Boston Post.*

—Men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting a collar button instead of having an extra supply and letting their wife and the missing one. You never see a woman look for the pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he steps on it in his bare feet.—*Saugerties Telegraph.*

—Mistress and maid.—"Where have you been Jane?" "I've been to a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, ma'am." "Well, and what did the lady say to you?" "Please, ma'am, she said I wasn't to give you warning if I meant to. She said that I was to look upon you as my thorn—and bear with you."—*London Punch.*

—Agent (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—"I have got here"—— Servant (who responds to the agent's ring)—"Excuse me, please; but we are in great trouble here just now. The kitchen part of the house has been blown up in an explosion. We've got all we can do at present." A.—"Ha! Hurt much?" S.—"Blown to atoms. Only a grease-spot left of him." A.—"Ha! Only a grease spot, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion Eradicator which will remove that grease spot in two minutes."—*Charleston (Mass.) Enterprise.*

A Powerful New Pistol.

I was recently present at the trials made with a new pistol invented by Mr. Marcus, a distinguished mechanical engineer. In this invention the use of a cartridge is dispensed with, the bullet itself being prepared with an explosive. But, in spite of this explosive nature of the bullet, its shape is not altered by the explosion. The explosion is initiated by a simple mechanism provided in the interior of the pistol. The experiments were made with a single-barrel pistolet (the barrel being four centimeters long and its caliber six millimeters). At a range of thirty paces a three-quarter inch wooden board was pierced by the bullet. Then a pistol with a simple-acting magazine, containing twelve bullets, was tried, and gave a discharge of forty shots per minute.—*Vienna Cor. Science.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

REMEMBER THAT.

THE GIRL.

Now, Pussy Gray,
Come here, I pray;
Listen to what I have to say—
Sit on the cushion at my side
And have your ribbon neatly tied;
You must not scratch, nor growl, nor bite,
And you must never steal, nor fight;
But clear the house of rats and mice,
And keep your fur and whiskers nice.
The things that other pussies do
Would not be right at all, for you.
You are *my* cat;
Remember that.

THE CAT.

Oh, Mistress May,
Your Pussy Gray
Has quite as much as you to say:
You should not scold, nor pinch, nor strike,
Nor feed me only when you like,
Nor shut me out to freeze at night
When you are tucked up warm and tight,
But treat me always in the way
You'd like if *you* were Pussy Gray.
The things that other people do
Are none the nearer right for you;
I am *your* cat,
Remember that.

—*H. R. Hudson, in Wide-Awake.*

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

A Huntsman's Thrilling Adventure—Description and Habits of the Beautiful Little Animal.

"Perhaps the most difficult hunting in all Europe," said a friend, "is experienced in following the chamois. They have been chased from time immemorial, and now are to be found only on the most precipitous cliffs, where only those can venture who are educated up to it from youth. Some years ago I spent a winter in the heart of the Alpine country, and made up my mind that I would have a chamois (pronounced sham-wah) head to decorate my study. I got it, and nearly left my bones in the Alps, and I wouldn't undertake the trip again for any inducement.

"I secured a guide, said to be the best in the country for that sport, and one beautiful morning we started out, ready for a three day's tramp, I carrying only my light rifle. My guide said he had seen a buck several days before on a cliff that encircled a mountain about ten miles away, and toward this spot we started, and by four in the afternoon we were well up the mountain. So rough was the country and climbing, that we tied ourselves together by a long rope, and I found that, even though carrying the traps, my guide could still help me along occasionally.

"Finally we reached a spot where we could see the cliffs. It was a sheer wall of rock three thousand feet high, without a sign of a place where a foothold could be gained, and utterly unapproachable to my inexperienced eyes. While we were resting, my companion took out his glass, and after looking about for a few moments, he grasped me by the arm and pointed to the highest spot on the ledge. Following his instructions, I soon saw my first live chamois. It was a fine buck, and I could distinctly see the black horns as they projected over the edge, as the little creature was lying on the very edge of the precipice, with its head partly hanging over, and my guide said that several more were probably in the rear.

"The sight of the game refreshed us, and we commenced the ascent again, and after an hour's hard climbing, found that there was absolutely no way of reaching the locality of the game except by going above, and being lowered down to a ledge just above them. This, in a moment of foolhardiness, I determined to do, and by making a long detour and going up another thousand feet, we found ourselves upon an irregular plateau, that we estimated must be directly over the animals, and not five hundred yards away.

"The descent from here to the lower ledge that was above the chamois was precipitous in the extreme, and every step was made with the greatest care, the guide holding back on the rope as I went ahead.

"We were fearful that a stone would start and alarm the herd, but finally we reached the spot, and looking over the edge—that was so tremendous an abyss that the trees in the valley below looked like small bushes—I saw that by being lowered down upon still another ledge, I could, by leaning over, probably get a shot, if in the meantime the animals did not make off. My guide carried a coil of stout cord, and this I lashed firmly about my waist; then, bracing against the rocks that gave me the smallest foothold, I commenced the descent, foot by foot and inch by inch, hanging literally by a thread over the valley below. I was so excited by the prospect of getting the game that I did not realize the danger, and kept on cautiously until I reached the ledge. Then, bending my head over in the slightest manner possible, I saw the game. The nearest buck was upon his feet, and near him were several others. I had just room to fire, which I did literally hanging in the air, and joyfully saw my buck fall, and heard the clattering of numbers of hoofs as the rest moved off.

"I shouted to the guide, and he lowered away; and I soon was by the animal, a noble fellow over three feet in length. Untying my rope, I fastened it about him securely and gave the signal, and up he went; and a few moments later, the rope came back.

"The face of the cliff was covered with small ledges, from four to six inches wide, that I used as footholds; and up these treacherous stairs I started, being steadied by the rope, which the guide hauled in from above.

"I had almost reached the middle ridge, when I happened to look up and saw the rope twirling and broken. It had begun to chafe, and before I could utter a shout of warning, the guide pulled again, and the rope parted.

"For a second I expected to fall back over the precipice; but fortunately, the step at that place was wide enough to afford me a foothold, and by pressing against the stony wall, I held on.

"The guide at first thought I had gone over; but I shouted to him to double the rope and toss it over, and after several trials I succeeded in catching it, though back to and in a position that the slightest wind might have blown me off. I made the rope fast tied about my waist, and pushing out to relieve the strain, I went slowly up, and finally reached the top in safety, as demoralized an individual as you seldom see."

The chamois is only occasionally hunted now, except by skilled hunters who have been taught by experience, and, as a rule, the little creatures are comparatively rare. There are several varieties of them, but only one distinct species—the *Rupicapra*, found in the European Alps, from the Pyrenees to the Caucasus; a familiar animal in the museums, though one rarely seen alive. The chamois is about two feet six inches high at the shoulder, and three feet in length. The horns are small, erect and turned at the tips, giving the little animal a very jaunty appearance. The hair is a dense, coarse, brownish red, being, as a rule, darker in winter.

They travel in bands of from twenty to fifty, generally led by a doe, the old bucks leading a more solitary life. They are remarkably active, dashing down the steepest precipices with a sure foot; and so keen is their scent that it is almost impossible to approach them. At the first intimation of danger, the one on guard warns the rest by a shrill whistle, at the same time stamping her feet as if to insure attention, and off they go, over places where it would not be deemed possible, and where hunters can not follow. Four-horned chamois have been found, the two sets of horns giving the animal a strange appearance. This, however, is merely an accidental occurrence.

At certain seasons of the year the bucks become extremely pugnacious, and terrific duels are frequently fought on the tops of the lofty peaks, and often the defeated chamois has been hurled by its adversary over the cliff to destruction far below, while, in the background, the rest of the herd are anxiously awaiting the termination of the battle. The colors of both sexes are about the same. The female chamois is slightly smaller than the male. The kids are of a deep yellowish-brown color, having the under jaw, both sides of the head and the throat white. Many of the so-called chamois leather comes from these little animals, that in some parts of Austria are sold for the beautiful horns of fifty or more. The beautiful horns are much valued in Switzerland, where they are made into ornaments of various kinds, as knife and paper-cutter handles, while even the hoofs are used in many ways. The chamois is supposed to be gradually on the decrease, and perhaps some of the present generation may live to see their total extinction.—*Charles Frederick Holder, in Golden Days.*

Her History Mixed.

There was a very pretty young lady last summer, who was leading a flock of friends of her own age over the Isles of Shoals. You will remember that brave John Smith discovered these isles, which should, by right, have borne his name; but he was a busy and restless fellow, who set foot in many New England nooks, and left his memories there, as well as in the glades of Virginia. On Star Island, the most interesting of the Shoals, some of the younger inhabitants have put up a monument to Captain Smith. The wording on it is clumsy and queer, but the kindly and right feeling makes up for that. Our accurate young lady spied the monument, and piloted the eyes of her party toward it with her parasol. "That's Smith," she said.

"Who's Smith?" asked one of the grown boys, an unenlightened boy he was, to be sure.

"Why, it's the Smith that cut off Pocahontas' head!" she replied, with extreme distrust of his ignorance.

And the last we heard of the party they were scouring old Gosport for Powhatan's house! We hope it was not this same young lady who answered an examination question concerning the cause of the Trojan war, by the pleasant information that Hannibal carried off Helen in a wooden horse.—*Louise Imogen Guiney, in Wide Awake.*

A Wild Beast's Rage.

Though Polar bears have got the name of being untamable brutes, they sometimes get along very well among themselves as a rule. Indeed, the she-bear is a model mother, kind and self-denying to her young ones, which she will defend against every foe to her last breath. Captivity seems to have the effect of souring their temper. At any rate a male and female bear fell out in the Cologne Zoological Gardens ten years ago, and a furious fight ensued. The latter growing exhausted by the struggle, her opponent dragged her to the large trough in the den and held her beneath the water till death put an end to her sufferings. There was a terrible earnestness in all this which shows how savagely cruel a wild beast is in a state of ungovernable rage.—*Little Folks.*

Sand-Bags in Sick-Rooms.

For a sick-room the sand-bag is invaluable. Get some clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove, make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with the dry sand, sew the opening carefully together and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and will also enable you to heat the bag quickly in the oven or even on the top of the stove. After once using this one will never attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to have two or three bags ready for use as needed.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—Says the proprietor of a St. Louis type foundry: "Here we are on the eve of 1888, which creates a triple demand for the figure 8. The triple use of figures in the annals of time will not occur again until 1911, 1999, 2000, 2022, 2111, 2122, 2202, 2212, 2222, etc."

—Fothergill stated some time ago that beef-tea is rather a stimulant than a nourishment, and now an article appears in the *Nineteenth Century* showing that it powerfully retards digestion. This action is said to be due to the organic acids contained in it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

THERE, YET HERE.

Last April she was with me, who, to-day,
  Is some where in the far-off world of God.
Far off, said I? She is not far away
  When Heaven and earth are sundered by a sod.

Here is the spot where, in the rain-wet moss,
  I found the first shy blossom of the spring;
I see, again, a sun-shaft strike across
  The flower's heart, and hear a robin sing.

And then I see her face, so fair, so sweet!
  So full of tender thoughts, and oh, so true!
And with that April's joy my pulses beat
  To-day, my darling, as I think of you.

"No flower so sweet as violets," you said,
  And took the blossom, smiling dreamily,
"Because they always bear, alive or dead,
  This message born of love: 'I think of thee.'"

Here on this knoll we sat awhile to see
  The amber sunshine fade to rosy light;
And heard the hum of some belated bee
  In hiveward-faring, pollen-laden flight.

"The heart's a rover, like the bee," you said,
  "It hunts for sweets in every flower that blows;
Some come too late, and find the flower is dead;
  For some the stubborn flower will not unclose

"And yield its treasure to the clam'rous bee,
  Bold, saucy privateer of summer days;
But my heart's flower has yielded all to thee,"
  You whispered, smiling softly, and the haze

Of twilight seemed to vanish from your face;
  So sudden sunshine makes dark skies grow bright,
And love's light, shining outward, filled the place
  With radiance lingering far into the night.

Again in dreams your loving hand I hold;
  Again upon my cheek I feel your breath.
O grave, dear grave, yet not one summer old,
  Give back the dead! Be merciful, O Death!

In vain I plead. The grave's door shuts for aye
  On those who cross its threshold. Still to me
It seems her presence haunts the place to-day.
  I can not comprehend the mystery.

Though over her the April violet blows,
  She is beside me; I can touch her hand;
I see her face if I one moment close
  My eyes. Dear heart, *you* know, *you* understand!

Though I have lost you, you with me remain;
  The grave's sod hides you, but I have you yet.
I wait for Heaven to make the mystery plain,
  And only know—you never will forget!

—*Eben E. Rexford, in Current.*

BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

A Young Man Extricated from a Dire Dilemma.

[Original.]

It all happened by the merest accident, and if I had remained at home instead of going abroad to spend the holidays, there would never have been occasion to relate this little incident in my otherwise uneventful life. But, as our entire existence is made up of accidents—some of which prove very interesting—I will endeavor to assist you in wiling away a few idle moments by telling you an unpleasant predicament in which I found myself several years ago.

My name is Thomas Oxford. At the time at which this story opens I was one of a number of book-keepers in a large mercantile establishment, for which I received a modest compensation. By a little economy, I had scraped together a neat sum, which came in very nicely in my after life, affording me, as it did, an opportunity of enhancing my fortunes considerably. I was always particular in the selection of my associates, and, in this manner, gained the friendship and good-will of the best people in the city which I called home. Now you know who I am—or was—rather.

I was keeping company with a prepossessing young lady. She was not what might have been termed handsome, but she was far from bad-looking. In stature she was small; her form was round and plump; was jolly; had an angel's disposition, and large, frank eyes, whose luster had never been dimmed by cares. Her virtues sparkled like so many rare gems, which dazzled like jewels before my eyes. Could any one help loving Nellie Wilson? I could not; at least it so seemed to me.

The holidays had come, and one after another we were allowed our days of recreation. I had been invited to spend a few weeks with a distant friend, Mr. Joseph Brown, and when the time for departure arrived I bid good-bye to Nellie, promising all sorts of lovers' nonsense, and also to bring her a memento of my visit. You can easily surmise by this just how far matters between us had progressed.

At the end of my destination I was met by Joe, and a cab speedily conveyed us to his palatial residence—for he was well-to-do and fate had dealt kindly with him. I was surprised on our arrival at his home to find that I was not the only guest, but that, unknown to me, he had invited a young lady—his wife's sister—thinking, in his philanthropic way, that he was doing me a favor, knowing how fond I was of the society of young ladies. Her name was Kate Rosemond, and she was heiress to a large amount of money.

From the moment we met I was not myself. She was the embodiment of grace and beauty, and her queenly figure captivated me at once. All thoughts of my almost betrothed at home were dispelled and my soul seemed wrapped up in my new acquaintance. The future had no thought for me. I was living only in the present. Some will call me fickle and unprincipled, but I doubt if anybody could have withstood her charms.

After getting thoroughly settled I devoted my entire time to Miss Rosemond, and manifested my regard for her in every possible way. In this I was seconded by my friend Joe, whose ardent desire seemed to be to mate us. One thing distressed me. Did Miss Rosemond esteem me? Did she feel for me that tender passion without which this earth is made a hell to married people? Mine host urged me on, saying that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady." He laid before me the fact of her almost unbounded riches, and painted pictures of future comfort and luxury. But it was not her money I sought; this seemed a barrier to me. It was herself. I tried to tell her so, but it was useless. In her easy, graceful manner she would evade me and change the subject.

The time for my departure arrived. What should I do? Tell her boldly that I loved her? No, I could not. If I had been sure of her feelings toward me I would not have hesitated, but under such doubtful circumstances I did not deem it advisable, and therefore left without telling her how dearly I worshiped at her shrine. I was invited to repeat my visit, and when Miss Rosemond added that she would be delighted to meet me again, I almost felt like laying bare my thoughts.

When I got home it began to dawn upon me that I had not acted in the most honorable manner toward Nellie, but I assured myself that no one could have resisted the temptation. There was but one course for me to pursue, and that was to go straight to my first love and confess to her my weakness; to acquaint her of the fact that another had found a place within my heart, and beg her pardon for carrying matters to this extreme. This resolve was much more easily made than carried out. At least so I found it.

I went direct to her home to advise her of my change of base. She had been anxiously watching and waiting for me, and opened the door for me. Bright smiles, pretty dimples and pleasant words shook my determination. I could not withstand them. When I looked at her my old love seemed to return. And then, again, another vision would pass before me. What should I do? I could not tell her that I did not love her. Her frank, clear eyes looked me in the face and seemed to pierce my guilty thoughts. I did not know whether I really loved her or not. I was surely in a dire dilemma.

I was not very good company that evening. My brain was teeming with "Shall I tell her or shall I not?" She played and sang several of my favorite selections, and when she had finished asked me how I liked them. I had been so occupied with my thoughts that for a moment the question startled me. I finally replied "good" in a mechanical manner. Nellie knew by my actions that something was wrong, but in patience bore with me. She looked pained, and a tiny tear glistened in her lustrous orbs. After a few moments of silence I bid her good-night in the simplest kind of manner.

My mind was in a terrible state. When I reached my room I determined to find a solution of the vexed question in a cloud of Havana smoke. I puffed fiercely; bit the end of my cigar in a vehement manner. I went to bed, reasoning that on the morrow I would regain my mental balance and be able to decide whom I loved. You may make light of this and say that it is unnatural, but I assure you that the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," will hold good in this case. I had a dream that night. Here is the substance of it:

I was once more at the home of my friend Brown, and a grand *fete* had been arranged in honor of Miss Rosemond. It was to take the form of a reception, and I was to urge my suit and if possible bring it to a successful climax—to push myself forward on every available occasion, and success was sure to crown my efforts in the end. So I figured and so did Joe. But to do this was no easy task. In her gentle way she would remind me that I was slighting the rest of the company and paying too much attention to her, and then she would glide away on the arm of some one else. She could not help but notice that I was completely taken away with her. A blind person could have seen that. After some difficulty I obtained her consent to a stroll in the conservatory—the nook in which all lovers exchange vows; where troths are plighted and futures planned. Here, midst dainty odors and sweet fragrance, I decided to learn my fate. And I did. I was accepted. Joyous moment! It was too good to be true! After a few loving words and the usual seal to a document of this kind—a kiss—we emerged from our bower, and it seemed to me every body must have seen by my smiling face what had transpired. But the evening was not to pass by to my utter satisfaction. After our engagement she seemed to avoid me more than ever, and every time I asked to dance with her she would show me her card with some gentleman's name opposite every dance, and explain by saying that Mr. So-and-So was such an excellent dancer, and she could not resist the temptation. I did not like it a bit, but of course it would not do to quarrel at the beginning of our engagement. The result was that I did not have an opportunity of dancing with her the rest of the evening. This hurt me and wounded my pride. At last I could refrain myself no longer, and I sought her out and in a mild manner asked for an explanation. Without going into details, I will say that when brought to bay I found her high spirited, and that our interview ended in a quarrel. And then I awoke. But it was still dark, and so I tossed about in a semi-conscious state with a terrible headache—then all was blank.

When I opened my eyes the sun was streaming in the window; bright plumaged birds carroled joyously without and all nature seemed gay and lovely. But what was the matter with me? I was weak—so weak that I had not even strength to turn. What was the meaning of that stand near the bedside and all those ugly bottles? and there in the center stood a large bouquet of beautiful flowers. Surely I must have been sick, but I could remember distinctly of going to bed the night before in my usual good health.

"The worst is past," I heard whispered. Dr. Ward, who has always been a friend of mine, came round the bed and told me not to excite myself, and that I would soon be well.

"Well? why, doctor, have I been ill?" I inquired.

"Yes, Tom, you have had a slight fever. But do not talk too much now. There, that's a good fellow. I will be back in the course of an hour or two, and then you will be stronger. Try and sleep. Good-bye," and with this he left me.

I surely must have been ill. But how long? And then the dream, the quarrel—blank. I understand it all—a fever. I patiently awaited the doctor's return, but it was a long time, and I dropped off to sleep once more.

Another dream; another *fete;* another conservatory; another lady; another proposal; another acceptance; another kiss, and every dance with my name opposite on the card. When I awoke a smile of satisfaction was on my face. The doctor was by my side and seemed pleased with the change. Then he told me of a week of raving about balls; two young ladies; quarrels and all that sort of thing. My eyes alighted on the bouquet.

"Doctor," said I, "to whom am I indebted for this beautiful bouquet?"

He turned and said something in an undertone and left the room. I heard the rustle of feminine apparel and turned my head in that direction.

The other lady.

"Nellie!"

"Tom!"

I need not say any more. You can guess the rest.

JOHN M. SCHOENEMAN.

A SILLY CEREMONY.

Description of the Queen's "Drawing-Room," or Reception to Ladies.

A "drawing-room," as Queen Victoria's reception to ladies is called, begins at three o'clock in the afternoon. But—more particularly of late years—the Queen has not always been able to remain throughout the ceremony. Perhaps, after an hour's sufferance on her part, her Majesty retires and the Princess of Wales fills her place. But the Princess is not the rose. She only lives near it, and the triumph of the day is darkened for those ladies who, arriving a little late, courtesy to the Princess instead of the Queen. Accordingly, it seems to have occurred to some enterprising lady that if she had her carriage at the gates of the palace an hour before they were thrown back she would be in pretty good time. At the next drawing-room some one bettered this, being there an hour and five minutes early. The process has gone forward till now the clanging of noon from the clock-tower of Westminster is heard adown a long string of carriages containing ladies in lowest evening dress, sitting stonily waiting, while a mob of sight-seers peer at them as mercilessly as if they were framed pictures of their ancestresses.

There is a well-authenticated record of a young lady who had carefully and successfully rehearsed her courtesy to the Queen, and who, suddenly finding herself in the royal presence, and seeing to the right an open door, forgot every thing but the comfort of being away, and without noticing the Queen, Princess and Prince skipped toward the door and so out into space. The great rock on which debutantes split is making their courtesy too soon. Their mind is full of it. It has lived with them for days and nights, and there is a great human impulse to get rid of it as soon as possible. Debutantes who have presence of mind, and habitues of court know that the proper thing to do is to walk close up to the Queen, and then perform the outrageous flop which has come to take the place of the pretty maidenly courtesy. After this the debutante finds herself in a passage between two groups. On her right hand is the diplomatic circle, with many of her Majesty's Ministers. The Prime Minister rarely fails to stand by through the long hours of the drawing-room. On the other side grouped to the left of the Queen, are her many sons and daughters. It is necessary, or at least desirable, that to each several one as she passes, the debutante should make obeisance.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

GOING TO BED.

A Mischievous Editor Gives Away the Secret of His Mode of Retiring.

Speaking of how a man goes to bed, an exchange say: "There's where a man has the advantage. He can undress in a cold room and have his bed warm before a woman has her hair-pins out and her shoes untied." That is how it looks in print, and this is how it looks in reality: "I am going to bed, my dear, it is 10:30." No reply. "Now, John, you are always late in the morning. Do go to bed." "Yes, in a minute," he replies, as he turns the paper wrong side out and begins a lengthy article headed: "The Louisiana Muddle." Fifteen minutes later she calls from the bed-room: "John, come to bed and don't keep the gas burning here all night," and, murmuring something about the "bill being big enough now," she creeps beneath the cold sheets, while John sits placidly on, his feet across the piano stool and a cigar in his mouth. By and by he rises, yawns, stretches himself, throws the paper on the floor and proceeds to that vigorous exercise, shaking down the coal stove. Just at this stage a not altogether pleasant voice inquires: "For pity's sake, ain't you ready for bed yet?" "Yes, yes, I'm coming; why don't you let a fellow alone?" Then he discovers there is coal needed. When that is supplied and rattled into the stove he sits down to warm his feet. Next he slowly begins to undress, and as he stands scratching himself and absently gazing on the last garment dangling over the back of the chair, he remembers that the clock is not wound yet. When this is attended to he wants a drink of water, and away he promenades to the kitchen. Of course, when he returns his skin resembles that of a picked chicken, and once more he seats himself before the fire for the last warm-up. As the clock strikes twelve he turns out the gas and with a flop of the bed-clothes and a few spasmodic shivers he subsides—no, not yet; he forgot to see if the front door was locked, and another flop from the bed-clothes brings forth the remark: "Good gracious, if that man ain't enough to try the patience of Job!" Setting her teeth hard, she awaits the final flop, with the accompanying blast of cold air, and then quietly inquires if he is settled for the night, to which he replies by muttering: "Well, if you ain't the provokingest woman."—*Eastern Argus.*

—A Madrid scholar, Senor Carulla, who has been for many years at work on a rhymed version of the Bible, has completed his task. The work contains 260,000 verses.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Tiles of deep color are used to border book cases, the smaller plain tile being placed in bands of color between the shelves.—*American Art.*

—A good cement to fasten on lamp tops is melted alum; use as soon as melted, and lamp is ready for use as soon as the cement is cold.—*Exchange.*

—Lamp chimneys may be annealed, it is said, so that they will not crack, by placing them in cold water, gradually bringing the water to the boiling point, and then allowing it to cool slowly, the operation to be repeated several times.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—An oblong figure, so long again as wide, is the most profitable shape for a garden, as the rows are equally long and less time is taken up in turning the horse. The size of the same should be in proportion to the number of the family, bearing in mind the fact that one-fourth of an acre, well-manured and cultivated, will produce more and better vegetables than a whole acre not so well attended to.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Snow cake is very pretty to mix with any dark cake by way of contrast. Take one tumblerful of flour, one and one-half tumblers of sugar, the whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Stir into the flour one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir the sugar, which must be well rolled, into the whites of the eggs, adding lastly the flour. Flavor with lemons or bitter almonds. Bake in a quick oven.—*Detroit Tribune.*

—The currant, like the raspberry, is willing to keep shady, but only because it is modest. It is one of the fruits that thrive better among trees than in too dry and sunny exposures. Therefore, in economizing space of the home acre, it may be grown among smaller trees, or, better still, on the northern or eastern side of a wall or hedge. In giving this and kindred fruits partial shades, the bush should not be compelled to contend to any extent with the roots of trees.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Butternut Cake.—Prepare one teacup of butternut meats, then take one cup of good molasses and half a cup of lard, or any other shortening desired; pour over the two ingredients one cup of boiling water, then put in the nut meats and add one teaspoonful of soda, a pint of sifted flour and a teaspoonful of salt; beat well and bake in a moderate oven in one-loaf cake-dish. If liked, the nuts may be omitted and a tablespoon of ginger substituted. Bake from half to three-quarters of an hour. Try with a broom splint.—*The Household.*

FASHION NOTES.

Bits of Information on Topics of Great Interest to Feminine Readers.

The latest fancy from Paris is a little pompon of crisp tulle, from which rises a heron's plumes, to be worn in the hair with dancing toilets.

The newest cloaks for little girls have waists reaching only to the arm-pits, more like a deep yoke than a waist, and skirts falling to the ankles.

Plaited fronts to basques are worn by persons who have very slender figures, even in the heaviest velvet materials. They have two plaits at the top of the shoulders next the collar, and then draw to the middle, becoming plain at the waist line.

The new cover coats for young girls have the high, military collars fastened with a little irregular-shaped strap, that is loose and buttons to a large button on either side of the collar.

For wear in wet weather are shown silk rubber-cloth long wraps, with sling sleeves. These are in indefinite plaids, with the prevailing color shades of dark blue, red, green, brown and tan.

Nearly all the newest wraps have the fashionable sling sleeve, and those wraps made of the same material as the suit show, when the arm is raised, a lining of soft, striped surah; this same lining is employed for the little fancy muff also matching the suit.

The tendency in draperies is to make them long and full and quite dissimilar to any thing hitherto fashionable. These draperies have heavy, pointed fan folds and very little looping. The effect is obtained by the varying length of the points in which the drapery hangs rather than by loops. These modes are seen with plain skirts and large tournure.

Instead of folds or frills in the neck and sleeves, modistes now send home each dress waist finished off with ribbons, which may be white or in direct contrast with the dress material, such as rose-pink in moss-green dresses, or red, or orange in those of dark blue. The gauze ribbons, with looped or picot edges, are used. They are folded over not quite double so that both the fancy edges will show just above the collar of the dress.

All the French waists show an effort to make the shoulders as high and square and the waist as long and slim as possible. This effect is gained by a shirring across the chest and on the shoulder seams, and the fullness drawn down as far as possible to the waist and there shirred more closely again. This gives the slim effect seen in French fashion plates, and while giving an improved slenderness and grace to thin, angular figures, hides all the pretty curves of good ones.

The tailor gowns of dark copper red, trimmed with the same shade of plush are worn to afternoon teas by young women with small red velvet turbans without a brim, and adorned with gray or brown wings and breasts of birds. The heads are not used. With these are worn with lovely effect breast knots of pink roses. For carriage wear red becomes more and more popular. Several dark red suits are shown with trimmings of black mink, and bonnets of red velvet and jet.

For wear to the theaters by those ladies who are prepared to adopt the English fashion of appearing without bonnets, are shown little Marie Stuart coifs of silk and plush, the face being surrounded by pearl beads matching the hue of the coif. Attached to it is a long scarf of surah that is drawn around the throat. These can be worn without disarranging the hair and thrown off and on more easily than a lace scarf, while thoroughly protecting the head and throat from the night air. —*N. Y. World.*

WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money.—*Brother Gardner's Observations.*

"Ah, I see there is a new star in Orion," observed Mr. Snaggs. "Orion!" repeated Mrs. Snaggs, "I have never seen that play, I think."—*Tid-Bits.*

Who says you can not reason with a woman? You can reason with a woman. And generally that is all the good it will do.—*Somerville Journal.*

We notice in a newspaper some verses headed "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—*Somerville Journal.*

Two boys were in the post-office together. One of them, pointing to a small sign, said: "That's what I do when my mother boxes my ears—letter box."

Gruntling—"Landlord, your servants are very much like time and tide." Landlord (flattered)—"Ah, indeed, sir! How is that?" Gruntling—"They wait on no man."

A New York paper speaks of a lady pickpocket. No lady picks any pocket but her husband's, and in cases of this sort usage has rendered such action proper.—*Omaha Herald.*

Fogg—"So you have twins down at your house, have you Pat?" O'Kelly—"Who told ye we had twins? Indade we have not. There is just wan boy an' wan gurl." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"How are collections, doctor?" he asked of a young physician. "Slow." "What's the trouble? Money tight?" "No; the trouble is nobody owes me any thing."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Thought Clubs" are popular among Eastern ladies. They meet and think and don't say a word for hours, until every one is wild to know what the others are think about.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A magazine asks: "What is true joy?" True joy is what a woman feels when a committee at a country fair declares that her crazy-quilt is prettier than all the assembled crazy-quilts of her neighbors.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what does it mean to pile Ossa on Pelion?" "There, don't bother me now," replied pa; "ask your ma; she understands all about millinery."—*Boston Transcript.*

A seasonable hint column says that warm soapsuds is one of the best insect washes. It is well to know this. Insects lose half their unpleasantness when they are kept nice and clean. Save your suds.—*Life.*

"Pa, have you got the hydrophobia?" "No, Bertie; what makes you ask that question?" "Well, I heard ma say to-day that you got awfully bitten when you thought she had a fortune in her own name."—*Harper's Bazar.*

What is called a "seat" in the New York Stock Exchange was sold recently for $29,000, but the man who bought it will have to stand up all day and shout at the top of his voice in order to make a profit on his investment.—*Baltimore American.*

"So old Bullion has absconded, I hear," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "Yes," replied Mr. Snaggs, "and he left a large deficit behind." "Did he? Why, I heard he'd taken along every thing he could lay his hands on. Perhaps the deficit was too heavy to carry off."—*Tid-Bits.*

An aggrieved individual thrust his head into the editorial sanctum and began his tirade of abuse: "Base minion!" "No," said the editor, without looking up, and thinking that he recognized the voice of the foreman of the composing room, "leaded nonpareil, please."—*Boston Post.*

Exact Testimony.—Lawyer—"Now, Uncle Zeke, you heard those two explosions. Was one right after the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah." Lawyer—"Now, you will swear that one didn't occur before the other?" Uncle Zeke—"Yes, sah, 'deed I will. I was dar an' heard 'em."—*Tid-Bits.*

"If you continue this vagabond life," sternly remarked an old farmer to a tramp, "you will find yourself in the toils." "Don't use that dreadful word," said the tramp, with a shudder of disgust. "What word?" "Toils."

The advertisement of the old reliable establishment, The Storrs and Harrison Co., Painesville, Ohio, appears in this issue, offering flower and vegetable seeds, roses, plants, grape vines, fruit and ornamental trees. They are running one of the most complete nurseries in the world, and issue a large, attractive catalogue which they will mail you free, on application. They have no traveling agents, and are only responsible for orders sent direct. Give them a trial and save dealers' commissions. They guarantee satisfaction.

When you swear off swear off swearing at the same time, it never will be missed.—*Philadelphia Call.*

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

Life is short, but it isn't half so short as some men are all through life.—*N. Y. Independent.*

A City of Beautiful Women.

Detroit, Mich., is noted for its healthy, handsome ladies, which the leading physicians and druggists there attribute to the general use and popularity of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

The lost cause—her better half's excuse for not coming home earlier.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Oxygen Cure. Throat, lung, nervous diseases. Book free. Dr. Geppert, Cincinnati, O.

A man may have a great head from other than intellectual causes.—*Boston Post.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

"How did that man lose his hair, papa?" "Eating pie, my dear. He's pie bald."—*N. Y. Journal.*

An open winter has no visible connection with open doors, but they seem to travel in company.—*Philadelphia Call.*

John says the gain of his flock of sheep may be called a wether profit. Good for ewe, John.—*Prairie Farmer.*

An Austin man is trying to make a living by attaching an alarm to the silent watches of the night.—*Texas Siftings.*

An exchange observes: "We owe much to foreigners," from which we infer that the editor has not paid his hired girl.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A man with the heart-disease is about the only chap who desires a "regular beat" for a bosom friend.—*The Whip.*

When a man tumbles head foremost into a narrow well, it is difficult for him to draw himself up with dignity.—*Norristown Herald.*

They say onions will produce sleep. They are strong enough to produce something.—*New Haven News.*

The *Household* says the coming girl will walk five miles a day. She will be sure to get here then.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Ah, I see a new star in Orion!" observed Mr. Snaggs. "Orion!" repeated Mrs. Snaggs; "I have never seen that play, I think."—*Tid-Bits.*

Breakfast-table (father of family reading)—"There is a cat in Manchester that drinks beer." Daughter (sixteen): "Pa, she must be a Maltese cat!"

"No, sir," he said to the captain, "I am not seasick, but I am really disgusted with the motion of this vessel."

What is the difference between a dude and his boots? One is calf skin and the other is calf's kin.—*Danville Breeze.*

"Consumption Cure" would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a deranged liver and impure blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

Very young people show their age. The old ones try to hide it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Rupture, Breach, or Hernia, permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases guaranteed. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no place like home, especially if it's the home of your best girl.—*St. Paul Herald.*

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found than in the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches.

She was a very pert miss once, but marriage ruined her and she is an ex-pert.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Subdued stuff" is a handsome new color not to be accented at all.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

The ink-bottle is one of the most independent things known.—*Merchant Traveler.*

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS WILL CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.
TAKE NO OTHER.

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There is no mistake about the great Richardson's New Method for the Pianoforte.
Sales nearly 400,000 copies! The favorite of thousands of teachers. Many times revised. The most correct of instruction books! Price $3.
Since the advent of "Richardson," many excellent instructors have been published, and have attained great favor. Pre-eminent among them are
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The first book has the important indorsement of the great Conservatory, and the second has sold largely for years.
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For Flute, Kummer's Flute School ... 3.00
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For Cornet, Flute, Clarinet, Flageolet, Banjo, Accordeon, Violin, Guitar, Fife and Piccolo, Winner's Ideal Methods. Each 75 cts.
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HIGHEST AWARDS OF MEDALS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.
The neatest, quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in the chest and all aches and pains. Endorsed by 5,000 Physicians and Druggists of the highest repute. Benson's Plasters promptly relieve and cure where other plasters and greasy salves, liniments and lotions, are absolutely useless. Beware of imitations under similar sounding names, such as "Capsicum," "Capucin," "Capsicine," as they are utterly worthless and intended to deceive. Ask for Benson's and take no others. All druggists.
SEABURY & JOHNSON, Proprietors, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Gives Relief at once and Cures
COLD IN HEAD
CATARRH
HAY FEVER.
Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.
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HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent—CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, NEW YORK.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for
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Although I was paying $30.00 per 1,000 for my leading 5c brand, my sales are now over twenty-five times as large since I put in your "Tansill's Punch" 5c cigar. I never before sold so many cigars of one special brand. Yours respectfully,
WM. M. DALE, Druggist, Chicago.
Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

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FRUIT OR ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES OR ANYTHING IN THE NURSERY LINE, without first writing for our valuable FREE Catalogue, the 21 LARGE GREENHOUSES. 33d YEAR. 700 ACRES.
Choicest Old. THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Why did the Women
of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?
Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND
is a Positive Cure for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

RRR RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD! CURES ALL PAINS
Internal or External.
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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

DYSPEPSIA!
DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,
A positive cure for Scrofula and all Blood and Skin Diseases.
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HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC
Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and restore the HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.
LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe, speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. All attempts at counterfeiting only add to its popularity. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.
Dr. Harter's Liver Pills Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

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Farmers, Butchers and others SAW FILERS ... kinds of Saws, so they cut better than ever. ... E. ROTH & BRO., NEW OXFORD, PENN.

GRIND your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour & Corn in the HAND MILL. 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

CHEAP LANDS IN ARKANSAS.
Awarded First Premium for Fruit and Cotton at N. O. Exposition. ... Address THOS. ESSEX, Land Commissioner, LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WE WANT YOU! ... profitable employment to represent us in every county. ... STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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RUPTURE relieved and cured by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method without the injury trusses inflict. ... 294 Broadway, N. Y.

PENSIONS for soldiers and widows of the Mexican War. ... Address PATTERSON & POWELL, U. S. Claim Collectors, Indianapolis, Ind.

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AGENTS ...

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

One Dollar a Year. Always in Advance.

SPENCER COOPER. : : EDITOR.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

WEDNESDAY.........MARCH 23, 1887

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce Hon. R. M. Pieratt, of Ezel, Morgan county, as a candidate for the State Senate from this the Thirty-fourth District, subject to action of the Democratic party.

OUR AGENTS.

The following persons have consented to act as agent for THE HERALD, and will forward all subscriptions from the respective places.

WOLFE.—A. F. Byrd, Campton.
H. Vest, Gillmore.
MORGAN—Wm. Lykins, Caney.
T. F. Carr, Ezel.
MENIFEE—Thos. A. Combs, Cornwell.
W. C. Catron, Pomroyton.
I. M. Vanarsdell, Frenchburg.
BREATHITT—J. C. M. Day, Frozen Creek.
J. L. Hagins, Haginsville.
Jere Combs, Ned P. O.

☞ Agents wanted at all postoffices in the mountains. Write us for terms.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

A few months since a young man came through here who represented that he was working in the interest of Harper Bros., New York, and writing up Eastern Kentucky for publication in Harper's Magazine for March. He was especially profuse in proffering a copy of the March number to the writer of this, and we were more than anxious to see it, as we are all articles tending to Eastern Kentucky's boom. So far, however, we have heard nothing of the young man or the magazine, and fear he was a fraud. His name was Snyder, and while we suspected at the time that he was not what he pretended to be, the sequel shows that he was snider than we supposed. His smooth face, slick tongue, suave manner and snide scheme fooled us finally.

While the B's of the State are quite busy buzzing around the gubernatorial hive, the H's, and especially those who belong to Eastern Kentucky, are happy and hopeful. The Democratic ticket will very likely be,

HARRIS AND HAZELRIGG, or maybe
HARRIS AND HAMILTON, or maybe
HAZELRIGG AND HINES, or maybe
HAMILTON AND HOLT, or maybe
HAZELRIGG AND HILL, or maybe
HARRIS AND HILL.

Some one of these combinations is almost certain to be the one chosen at the State Convention. There are sufficient H's in the list to give every cockney one for 'orse and 'ouse, and before the convention adjourns there is apt to be a h—liotrope of a time. But mind if Hazelrigg don't thimble-rig the hull heap, and get first place.

Col. John T. Hazelrigg, the brilliant editor of the West Liberty Gem, and the silver-tongued orator of the Licking Valley, on Monday last made a speech at Mt. Sterling announcing his candidacy for the office of Lieutenant Governor. We do not know whether any one opposed him in debate or not, but if so, the other fellow must now feel like he has met the chin-music mastodon of the mountains and passed through a second Mountain Meadow Massacre.

The Stanton Monitor, published at Stanton, Powell county, is before us. It is a neat six-column folio, full of news, and outranks its predecessor, the Journal. Atkinson & Horton are editors and proprietors, and we wish them large success.

The Greenup Herald is the title of a neat six-column folio published at Greenup, Ky., C. H. Callon, editor and proprietor. We welcome it to our exchange list, and Callon the the people of that section to give it a liberal support.

An iron truss bridge in the suburbs of Boston, Mass., on the Boston and Providence railroad, went down with six passenger cars on Monday, the 14th inst. Thirty-nine people were killed and seventy-eight wounded.

Eighteen men of the Bald Knobber gang are in irons at Ozark, Mo., for the brutal murder of two innocent young men, and it is thought they will all be hung.

EASTERN KENTUCKY

COMPARED WITH GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND PENNSYLVANIA.

With the Coming of a Railroad Will Also Come the Realization of Our Unbounded Resources.

"Index," in a communication to the Mt. Sterling Gazette, says:" When I wrote you a short time since on this subject I did not know that almost the very idea that I attempted to advance was assuming shape in the manner it is, and I am glad for the Railroad Desert of Eastern Kentucky that there is a prospect of a grand trunk line from Cumberland Gap to Covington, and I can say that from the knowledge I have of the country it passes through, I do not think there could be a road built anywhere through Kentucky that would redound so much to the development of the State, for it would pass directly through some of the finest mineral and timber lands in the State, to say nothing of the salt and building stone along the line. Besides the completion of a through line would open up the way for branch lines up the various tributaries of Kentucky River, the Licking and the Cumberland Rivers. Then the vast veins of cannel coal in Morgan, Wolfe, Breathitt, Harlan, Clay, Perry and other counties would be available to the timberless portions of the State—I mean Central Kentucky. Also the fine coking coal of Eastern Kentucky would be available to the Southern coast and Chicago and at various points along the line; and blast furnaces would be erected all over the mountains and Kentucky would be redeemed from poverty and pauperdom, as the mountain regions of Pennsylvania were by the development of the coal, iron, oil and gas of that region, and every pauper county in our State that is even made self-sustaining—so to speak—would be that much lifted from the shoulders of the present taxpaying counties, and thus the whole State would be benefitted to that extent. And when we think of the number of such counties in Kentucky, how can we withhold so great a boon from ourselves as the lightening of our taxes to such an extent?

Then when we consider the capital and the increase in population that the opening up of these hills will invite into the State, we may well say that this generation will see Kentucky one of the most prosperous States in the Union. Look at Georgia and Alabama! Both of them crushed and devastated by the war, but as soon as they got upon their legs again, and the demoralization caused by the war had somewhat passed away, they invited capital and skilled labor into their midst, and now they are on an immense "boom" and people with means from everywhere in reach are continuing to boom them, while Kentucky rears back in her self-importance and her self-sufficiency and says through her representatives sent to that apology called a Legisture, that "we ain't agoin to give no rights to any blamed speculators to hew and dig and tear down our hills and deface our mountains and carry off our wealth." And thus she plays the "dog in the manger," while capital by the million is being driven to Georgia, Alabama, Kansas, Arizona and other points for profitable investments; and here we are groping along getting more and more in debt every year, while one-third, at least, of our counties do not pay their proportion of the State expenses, and all this while just under the surface is lying untold wealth that only needs a modicum of enterprise to develop it; or in other words we need only say to capital "come and get us out of our deplorable condition of bankruptcy, and save us from ourselves."

No man in the mountains needs to dig his coal or ore if he does not choose, for he can get a royalty on all he has in reach of market, and he can sit back and take his ease as one of the lords of creation, which he is. And while he is enjoying the profits of his mines, &c., there is another class down here in the Bluegrass enjoying these developments, too, in the shape of curling fires in their grates cheapened to them by the opening of these mines, and the mines are opened by reason of transportaton being afforded for their products.

Thus you see that this is a "long limb, it strikes the whole family," and we are all benefitted. But "Old Fogyism" says "no, I don't want to pay any more taxes." Had he not better pay a little taxes now to lighten his load hereafter than to be eternally paying taxes to be swallowed up in useless officers and from which he never gets any return? Let us develop Eastern Kentucky and not be sending to Pennsylvania and West Virginia for our coal and iron.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Col. A. W. Hamilton, of Montgomery, and Col. John T. Hazelrigg, of Morgan, Entered for the Nomination.

Last Saturday the Democrats of this county met at the court house in this city and requested Col. A. W. Hamilton, of this county, to become a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, subject to the action of his party. Col. Hamilton is a young politician, vigorous and active in his party's interests, an educated and polished gentleman, an enterprising and progressive business man, the possessor of a rich inheritance, a friend to the charitable, a contributor to all beneficiary institutions and industries, liberal in his views, and would make an acceptable candidate to his party.

Morgan county Democrats held an enthusiastic meeting last Saturday and called on her honored and favored son, Col. John T. Hazelrigg, the editor of the Gem, to become a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. Also, on the same day the county of Magoffin, the home of the lamented Joe Gardner, held a similar meeting calling on Col. Hazelrigg. Nature has favored Morgan's illustrious son with enviable gifts. He, with a retentive memory, a broad and valuable reading, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a silver-tipped oratorical tongue, and pointed and pungent style, at the meridian of his strength and power, is one of the most popular men of the mountains. He heeds the voice of a gallant following and will at once enter on a vigorous canvass, and will address the voters of this county next Monday (court day.) These two candidates, with equal claims and both with an extensive acquaintance and a strong following, will make a hot and chivalrous contest.—Mt. Sterling Gazette March 16th.

Railroad Rattle.

The vast resources of Eastern Kentucky in coal, iron, building stone and timber, are attracting the attention of capitalists, and it will ultimately result in the construction of lines of transportation over which these elements of wealth can be conveyed to the markets of the world. Already two railroad companies are proposing to extend their iron arms to us, and aid us in the development of this region, if our people will but manifest a disposition friendly to the enterprises. Our hopes for this section depend altogether upon facilities for transportation. Our mountains are nature's great storehouses in which are deposited untold millions of undeveloped wealth, now useless to us, awiting the magic touch of railroad transportation, to make us rich and prosperous. Can we afford to lose an opportunity to secure a road? This question addresses itself to the serious consideration of every citizen of Eastern Kentucky, and must be answered negatively. If we would promote our own interests while living, and be able to bequeath to our posterity a heritage worth having, we should give our influence, our energies and our money to secure a road. We want to see our people come nobly to the front, and use all prudent means to secure the construction of a road to our mines and forests, and they will never have cause to regret it.—West Liberty Gem.

Happiness depends very much on the condition of the liver and kidneys. The ills of life make but little impression on those whose digestion is good. You can regulate your liver and kidneys with Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

The Kentucky Union Railway.

The location of this road through Clark and Fayette counties is now the topic of conversation—in the stores, on the streets—wherever men who take an active interest in the prosperity of our city and county meet. There seems to be but one sentiment in regard to the matter. All desire the road and seem willing to do all that can be done honorably and fairly to get the road. With this road secured to Lexington, other roads now or about to be located will seek Lexington as the place offering the most ample connections with other roads or good terminal facilities. The more of a railroad center Lexington becomes the less can railroads afford to pass us by. The great and rapid advancement in values of our land and its produce should stimulate us in our effort to obtain that which requires only a reasonable outlay and united, intelligent co-operation of county and city.—Lexington Press.

There are many accidents and diseases which affect stock and cause serious inconvenience and loss to the farmer in his work, which may be quickly remedied by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

THE NEWS.

KENTUCKY KNOWLEDGE.

—The Prohibitionists of Kentucky say they will poll fifty thousand votes next August.

—A runaway horse at Lebanon dashed into a private residence and demolished the furniture, the organ, and other household goods.

—Col John Gilmore, a very gallant ex-Union soldier, it is understood, is an applicant for keeper of the National Cemetery at Lexington.

—One of the three Bailey brothers, on trial at Irvine for killing done at Proctor two years ago, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for eleven years.

—A syndicate has invested $100,000 in real estate in Cumberland Gap, The investment is about equally divided between Kentucky and Tennessee.

—James M. Trotter, the colored man who was appointed Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, once brushed coats and shined shoes in the barber shops of the Galt House, Louisville.

—Kentucky built within a fraction one hundred miles of railroad last year. The record for the current year ought to show five hundred miles. In fact two hundred and sixty-eight miles are now in course of construction.

—In Pulaski county George Tartar attended unbidden a dance given at Neal Samson's distillery, and then raised a disturbance, in which he stabbed four persons, one of whom, Bud Hutchinson, is not expected to recover.

—A magnificent reel has been sent President Cleveland by Captain B. C. Milan, of Frankfort, Ky., who says he loves Grover for the fish he has caught. The President, acknowledging the gift, says he has a longing to put it in use.

—Hon. J. H. Mulligan, of Lexington, is favorably mentioned by the State press as the best man for Speaker of the next House. There is no man who would be better suited for the place, and on this question we desire to speak with the State press.—Lexington Press.

—Glasgow is considerably excited over a discovery of iron ore on the farm of Mr. C. C. Terry, about two miles from town. Mr. Terry recently went to Birmingham, and spent some time in the mines there. When he returned he found on his farm specimens precisely similar to those at Birmingham.

—At Owensboro, Ky., last week, children playing around the ruins of an old dwelling dug a kettle containing nearly a peck of copper and brass coins. Only one silver piece was found in the lot, dated 1805. The copper and brass pieces were of various nations, some being over two hundred years old.

—The River Styx in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, is one hundred and fifty yards long, from fifteen to forty in width, and in depth varies from thirty to forty feet It has a subterranean communication with other rivers at the Cave, and when Green River rises to a considerable height has an open communication with all of them.

—The sale of the Kentucky Central Railroad is advertised to take place at Lexington on the 7th of next month. There are 253 miles of the road in operation. James Wall of Cynthiana has written to the Master Commisioner of Fayette forbidding the sale, and claims that it is his property.

—Coal five feet thick was struck at the Reniecke mines, near Madisonville, after going a depth of 335 feet. Work was commenced on the mines about six monhts ago, and now the owners are rewarded by finding coal of the very best quality. It will be but a short time until they will be taking it out.

—In clearing away the debris of the river banks that recently caved in at Augusta, Ky., a large number of curious skulls and bones were discovered in the yard in front of Mrs. Frances Golenstein's residence. Upon examination they have been found to be the relics of ab origines, and some of the skulls were large enough to have belonged to an eight-foot man.

A sad accident occurred at Morehead Monday, the 14th. N. J. Whicher was accidentally shot and killed by John Trumbo, a young man of that place. The ball, which was from a 44 caliber pistol, striking him just above the right eye, killing him instantly. Whicher's young wife was sick in bed in ten feet of where her husband was killed, and her cries were heart rending. The Mayor held an inquest, and the verdict was that he was shot by accident.

The apprehensions indulged in in regard to the demoralizing effect of the Interstate Commerce Bill upon railway building has failed to materialize. There is more talk of railroad building at the present time than for a year past. In every direction surveys are being made, routes discussed, and building going on. Kentucky is full of railroad enterprise, and the coming year or two promises more fruitful in railway completions than any year hitherto.—Greenup Herald.

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GENERAL AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Memphis, Tenn., has ordered bloodhounds from Philadelphia with which to hunt down criminals.

James F. Goodman, of Randolph county, Mo., beat his wife to death and then cmmitted suicide.

An ice-gorge broke loose at Bismark, Dakota, and the river rising rapidly, the loss of life and property was severe

John Sanderson, a notorious "tough," of Broken Nob, Neb., stabbed his younger brother Samuel to the heart in a quarrel over a trivial matter.

The bond of $250,000 of S. N. Aldrich, as assistant treasurer at Boston, has been approved by the acting secretary and the solicitor of the treasury.

Capt. Jas. B. Eads, the great engineer of the Mississippi Valley, died at New Orleans on the 10th inst. He was a native of Indiana and was 67 years old.

General Edward S. Bragg, the well-known Congressman and politician of Wisconsin, has entirely lost the sight of his left eye, and fears are entertained that his right eye will be affected.

The belief of the Texas negroes that the Democrats caused the drouth and the earthquakes is not more extravagant than the belief of the Hon. John Sherman that a good crop year was the work of the Republicans.—Greenup Herald.

The Richmond Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y., burned on the 18th inst. at 3:30 A. M. There were 125 persons in the house, twelve of whom perished in the flames. Many others will die of injuries received in escaping from the burning building.

Ike Vincent, who robbed the State of Alabama of $130,000 while treasurer, and who has been a fugitive since January, 1883, was captured by Deputy Sheriff Ray at Big Sandy, Texas, on the 15th inst., and taken to Montgomery, Ala., for trial.

The proposition to erect a monument to the memory of the late Henry Ward Beecher by popular subscription is received with general favor in Brooklyn, N. Y. Already several thousand dollars have been promised and the movements will take definite shape in a few days.

President Cleveland has pardoned J. J. C. Dougherty, sentenced for embezzlement from the Baltimore postoffice, on the ground that the prisoner is believed to be sincerely penitent, has served most of his time, and that his pardon is recommended by all who were connected with his prosecution.

Judge Lafayette Kirk, of Washington County, Texas, who recently testified before the Senatorial Outrage Investigating Committee at Washington, D. C., has been indicted, together with a number of other citizens of Washington County, by the United Sates Grand Jury, on the charge of intimidating voters.

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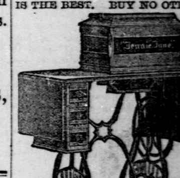

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